

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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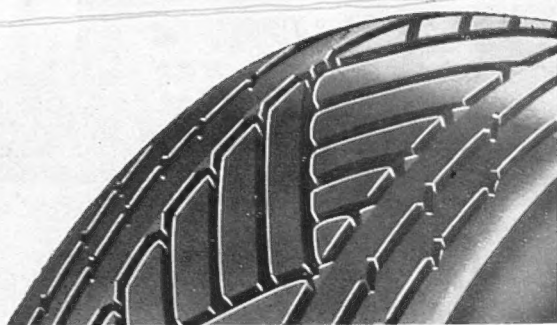
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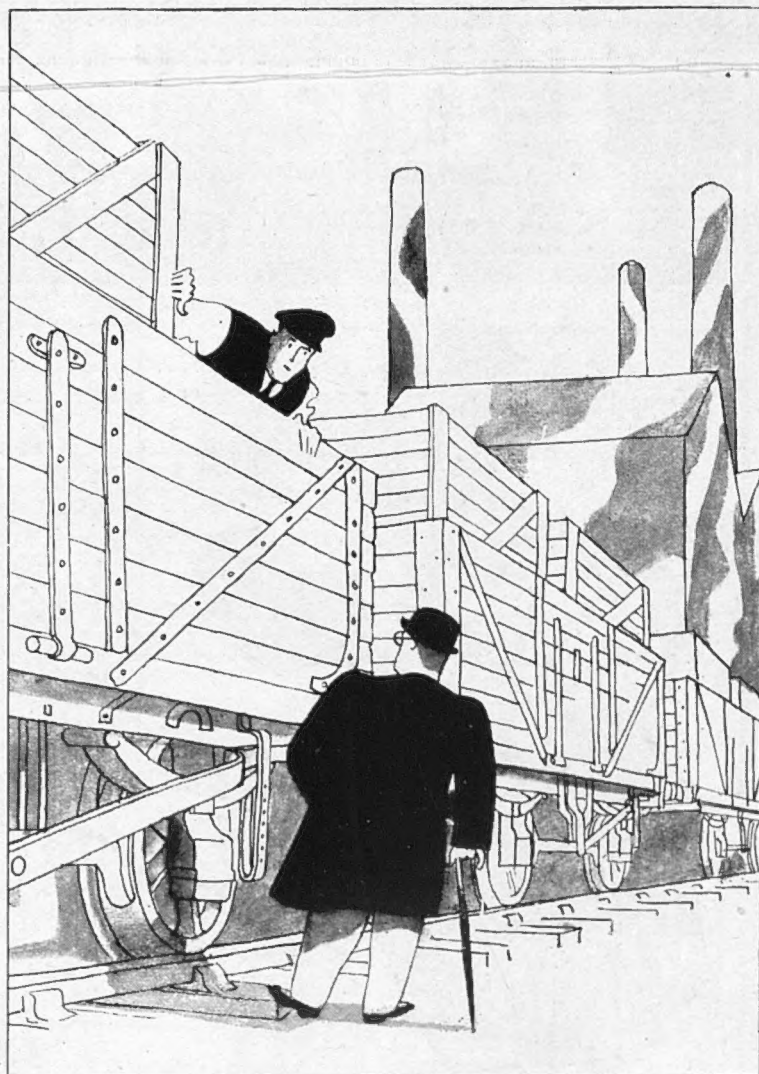
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Swaebe

Lady Loder and Her Sons

The wife of Sir Giles Rolls Loder, Bart., is the former Miss Marie Symons-Jeune, only daughter of Captain Bertram Symons-Jeune of Runnymede House, Old Windsor. They were married in 1939 and have two sons, Edmund Jeune who was born in 1941 and Robert who is two years younger. The Loders' country home is at Leonardslee, Horsham, Sussex



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Omen

CHERBOURG'S capture brought many well-deserved tributes to the American soldiers under Major-General Lawton Collins. The Americans fought bravely and brilliantly to win this great fortress city and port. Whatever the Germans may want their people to believe, there is no doubt that the capture of Cherbourg was achieved well within the schedule allowed by General Eisenhower. Cherbourg is the first of Hitler's fortresses to fall in this part of Europe. Its fall may be an omen. If such a victory can

be achieved in such a comparatively short time, when every natural defensive advantage was with the Germans, who had not failed to protect themselves with the most modern concrete emplacements, there is every reason for real confidence.

Problem

HITLER'S military situation grows steadily worse. Now Russian blows fall on him as heavily as General Montgomery's in Normandy and General Alexander's in Italy. In the absence of any indication of Hitler's whereabouts, we have to assume that he is still in charge of the military operations. But he has been strangely silent. If ever a people needed a tonic talk it must be the Germans. There must be some reason for Hitler's silence, for it does not apply to him. Neither Goering nor Himmler has raised his voice. These Nazis must be very unhappy men at this moment. They have not only lost all they gambled for. They have laid their country open to severe and certain retribution. Equally certain is the punishment which will fall on them. They can never escape. They must be the most hated men in the whole world.

Prospects

PEOPLE always say that the Germans are difficult to understand, and that their reasoning is different from that of others. It still remains a fact, however, that we are reaching a phase of the war—the final phase?—when anything may happen. However the German propagandist may treat the successful landing of the Allied forces in Normandy, which was a feat of such magnitude and efficiency of organization still unappreciated, its importance cannot be lost on the German High Command. These military leaders must

also have had a shock when Cherbourg fell. Here was a fortress which ought to have held out not for weeks, but for months.

The Russians are compelling the Germans to retreat, and in Italy Kesselring's forces are flying from General Alexander's men. These are developments which must compel the most hard-headed and stubborn German military mind to pause and consider the future. The Italian campaign is now moving swiftly to its end. The Russians are also moving quickly. General Montgomery's progress is somewhat slower because he has to take into account his dependence at this juncture on sea-borne supplies. The German forces are fully stretched, and there are no reserves. The fighting in Normandy has shown quite clearly that there is not a soldier to spare. All the time, with grim inevitability, the German divisions which once sent a chill through Europe because of their very numbers and their mobility, are being eliminated.

Reaction

THE German propagandists proclaim that all Germans must now fight to the last drop of their blood. There is a shrill note creeping into the articles of the political and military commentators. They may have seen the lesson of Normandy, for they assert that the decisional stage of the war will be reached speedily. They cannot mean that Germany can now snatch a quick victory. Surely they must mean that the co-ordinated pressure of the Allied forces from the west, east and south is reaching a degree which must make a crack inevitable. An Allied reverse at this stage would of course restore the German face which is slowly but surely disappearing. But assuming that the Allies can proceed with all their plans even at the present rate, the time of reckoning is coming nearer, and, as Mr. Churchill has said, the summer months may bring full success.

Speed

GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER may be in Florence before very long. In his brilliant campaign General Alexander shows that he has learned one valuable lesson from his experience. This is the necessity of speed. There must be no pause. The Germans must



A Famous Author Takes The Air

Mr. Ernest Hemingway, the American writer and war correspondent, author of such best sellers as "A Farewell to Arms" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is seen above in flying clothes immediately before his take-off for France in a R.A.F. Mitchell



The P.M.'s Daughter Christens a Canteen

A Church Army Mobile Canteen was named "The Second Front" by Subaltern Mary Churchill, A.T.S., at a recent ceremony on Horse Guards Parade. Miss Churchill is seen with Captain G. A. Bucknell, the Rev. Treacher, Head of the Church Army, and Mr. B. de N. Cruger, the British War Relief Representative



American Gift to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund

A cheque for £7,500 has been given by the British War Relief Society of America as a contribution to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Mrs. Rex Benson, Vice-Chairman of the Society, is seen handing the gift to Lady Portal. On the left are Mr. Gilbert H. Carr and Mr. Bertram de N. Cruger

Return

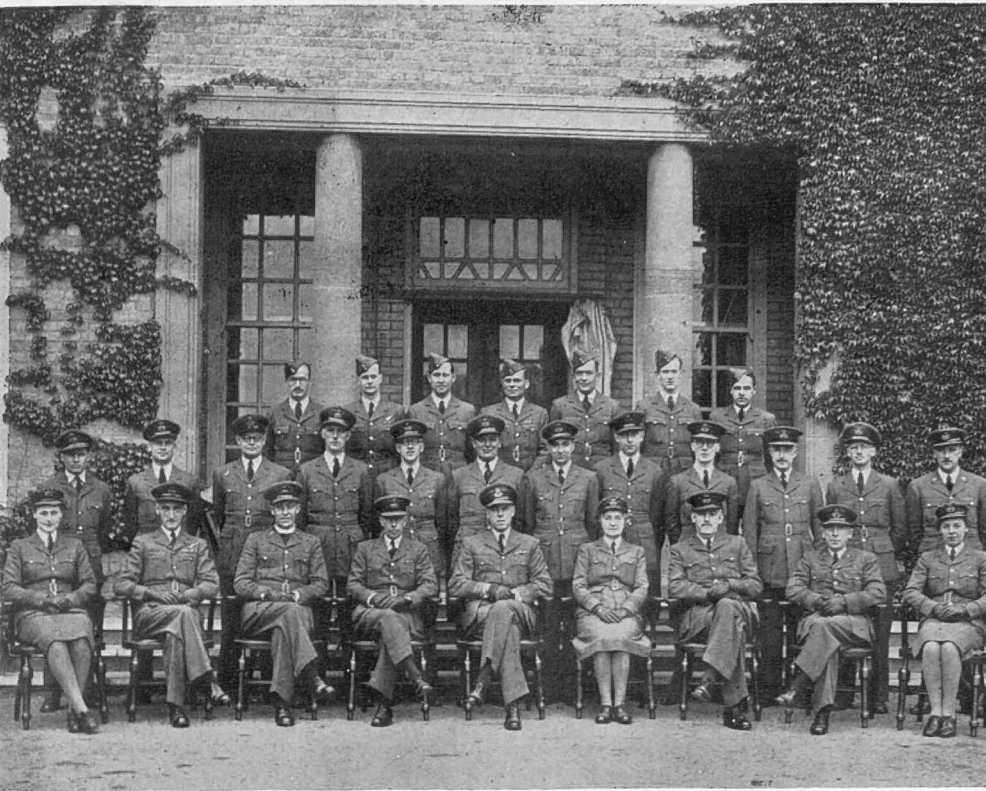
AFTER many thrilling experiences Major Randolph Churchill has returned to London for a short spell which will enable him to resume contact with politics. Major Churchill has never been restricted by any political parental control and his father allows him full freedom to adopt his own course of action. But rarely does it run counter to that of the Prime Minister. They are the closest friends and have a mutual respect for each other which is one of the most delightful and striking features of present-day politics.

**At a Mediterranean Port**

Admiral Hewitt, U.S. Navy Commander, North African Waters, has been paying a series of visits to Mediterranean ports. He is seen above on such an occasion with Rear-Admiral J. A. V. Morse, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., Flag Officer, Western Italy

**Presenting the Sam Browne**

General Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, C.-in-C. Middle East, took the salute at a passing-out parade of about seventy cadets at an infantry OCTU in the Middle East. The coveted Sam Browne was presented by General Paget to Cadet E. P. Aston

**Officers and Warrant Officers of a Bomber Command Unit**

Front row: F/O. M. N. Causton, F/Lieut. E. Walker, D.F.C., Rev. N. K. Nye, S/Ldr. W. A. Allen, W/Cdr. D. Salisbury Green, S/O. H. E. Mackay, F/Lieut. C. S. Tucker, F/Lieut. R. V. Robinson, S/O. M. C. Watts. Middle row: F/O. R. G. Gallard, F/O. A. S. Dale, F/O. W. A. Bentley, F/O. C. B. Bullough, F/Lieut. I. L. Ingram, F/Lieut. W. G. Nelson, F/Lieut. J. Watson, F/Lieut. L. A. Wallis, F/O. P. P. Stares, F/O. W. L. Binns, F/O. J. P. Goodchild, P/O. A. Williams. Back row: Warrant Officers Wild, Austin, Hadley, Lewis, Divall, Leek, Andrews

never be given a moment's rest. Their pursuit must be relentless and ruthless. Following this course, General Alexander is now racing through Italy to head off the fleeing Germans before they can escape to their homeland. He has not bothered to deal with any pockets, large or small, in his chase. He is hunting the Germans at full cry.

Ruthless

ALONG the White Russian front there is being unfolded a vast and well-organized plan to wipe out in a wholesale manner all the Germans in that vicinity. One by one the gigantic pincers are being opened and the Germans are faced with the threat of movements which may engulf them. Their problem is how to escape and not how to fight the Russians. At the moment of writing it is conceivable that the Germans will have to withdraw completely from White Russia, probably far into Poland, to escape the fate that hangs over them.

Like General Alexander, the Russian commanders are not interested merely in territorial gains. Their sole aim is the destruction of the enemy's man-power and means of organization. There is no doubt that there will be big developments on the Eastern Front. German commentators may well speak of the gravity of the situation there. The Russians do not hide their thoughts of vengeance. The Germans know that the bill for all the crimes they committed in Russia is about to be presented. The Germans assert that the battle in the west is more vital than that in the east. Reverse the sentence and undoubtedly you have the real meaning. The Germans are scared of the Russians, and well they might be.

Surprise

THE Finnish Government must have surprised most people by their decision to make a new agreement with the Germans and to allow German troops to occupy Helsinki. There is no doubt that the Finns have been one of this war's enigmas. They have had

several opportunities to escape the grim vengeance of continuous war, but they have refused. While deploring what appears to be Finland's insane course, one must at the same time admire their courage. They must know that the Germans are hard pressed everywhere, and that Ribbentrop's promises of military assistance cannot be very dependable. Obviously the Finns did not reach their decision out of love for the Germans. Nor could German pressure have much to do with it. The only possible explanation is that the Finns are prepared to buy that which they prize more than anything—independence—very dearly.

Election

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT may not have an easy road back to the White House. Mr. Tom Dewey would not have accepted the Republican nomination unless he was fairly certain that he had reasonable chances of success. This is the way Mr. Dewey approaches all problems, personal as well as political. He tests public opinion before he makes any speech or issues any pronouncement. Right up to the last moment he had it in his power to decline the nomination, for he had said categorically on becoming Governor of New York that he would not be a Presidential candidate during his term of office. I therefore think that Mr. Dewey's acceptance is not without political significance. He is one of the ablest of America's young politicians. In a country where youth is worshipped Mr. Dewey is only forty-six. All his life he has studied the game of politics as it is played in the United States. I should say he has been more of a student of politics than President Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has a natural aptitude which has developed with experience and he has never tried to deal with politics as a science. The contest promises to be one of the most interesting and important in the history of the United States. President Roosevelt is said to be confident of winning. Quite clearly he would not run for a fourth term were he not confident.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Great Revival

By James Agate

LET it be said straight away that *Lady Hamilton* (Tivoli) is one of the very best films ever shown in a cinema. The heroine is not particularly like Emma, but then she is not intended to be. She is an idealized version, and for the very good reason that the intention behind the film was to make the average, that is to say, pleasantly and healthily stupid, cinema-goer think better and not worse of Nelson. Show him the real Emma, and Putney and Parson's Green would be shocked at our national hero's lack of taste. For, of course, to consort with a drab is "low." Wherefore, if the national hero is to do any consorting, the person consorted with must be "nice." Hence this Emma who, in the person of Vivien Leigh, is "niceness" itself. But first a word or two about the English.

THE English are an unaccountable race. Every year on October 21 they make a

about her. She was never at any time a fool. Can it be doubted that when she passed out of Greville's keeping into that of Sir William Hamilton and accepted those masters of writing, conversation and deportment, it was because she realized that, as Anita Loos's Lorelei put it, "education is good for a girl"?

To pretend that at the time of the Battle of Copenhagen Emma was still capering about Naples in all the innocent girlishness of her first Romneyhood is surely as idle as to pretend that she was still thin. Emma was never a romantically minded ninny; she was one of the great race of women. Beauty and innocence alone cannot account for Emma; she obviously possessed wit, verve, temperament, immense understanding, and a boundless heart. Some indestructible charm she possessed, some charm which not even Romney has been able



"Two Girls and a Sailor" is the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film at the Empire. It tells of a sister act—Patsy and Jean Deyo—who become headliners at New York's Club Florian along with Harry James's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras. The girls run a nightly canteen for servicemen, where there is every opportunity for singing and dancing and romance. Several well-known stars of the musical and cabaret world appear in the film which revolves lightly round the love stories of the two girls, Patsy and Jean. Above: The two sisters (Gloria Dehaven and June Allyson) are with the millionaire sailor who endows their canteen (Van Johnson)

national fuss over a great sailor who, if he had been one of today's B.B.C. announcers, would, because of his private life, have been dismissed with ignominy and forbidden to announce his own victory. Every time the name of Nelson's mistress crops up, this rum race of ours goes out of its way to invent a legendary figure to take the place of the woman who began life as a kitchenmaid and ended as a figure of fun. In these matters the English have a logic of their own. They lay it down that no immoral man or woman can be a hero or a heroine, and when they find that they can, turn a blind eye to the immorality and call it by some other name. The point about Emma Hamilton is that she was an exceedingly clever woman who, from the day she served as a waitress in a mummer-frequented tavern, had all her wits

to transmit, for that charm was not wholly of the body and was most potent when she had grown, in the eyes of contemporaries, "enormous." It lay not in her mind, which was common, nor in her manners. Emma might have been a great courtesan—she was, in fact, to use a word seldom applied to women, a great lover. Those who had lain in her arms—Fetherstonhaugh, Greville, Hamilton, Nelson—never ceased to like her. To them she always remained "the dear Emma," and to the greatest of England's sea kings the most precious thing on earth except his duty.

LET me insist again that *Lady Hamilton* is an admirable film with a beautifully-drawn portrait of Nelson. Laurence Olivier gives a superb performance, and the whole cast

is excellent. Technically I doubt whether anything better than the sea sequences has ever been filmed. I have not always seen eye to eye with Sir Alexander Korda and I don't suppose I ever shall, since he is, first and foremost, an individualist. But this time, in this picture, I go all the way with him.

Two Girls and a Sailor (Empire) is a "musical" with a vengeance. It lasts over two hours, and not counting a story which is one of the thinnest ever devised, presents us with a famous conductor, a renowned pianist, two bands, a concerto, Amparo Novarro, Jimmy Durante, Lena Horne and various others. Writing this shortly after seeing the pre-view I am lost in a maze over all these musicians, dancers, singers, comedians and what not. Let me gather my breath and try to sort them out.

FIRST, the tenuous story. This is almost explained by the film's title. The girls are June Allyson and Gloria Dehaven, one a blonde and one a brunette, who dance, and shall we say sing, at smart American vaudeville and cabarets. The sailor is Van Johnson, and after presenting Gloria with a succession of gifts beginning with orchids and ending with a huge warehouse for the extension of that nightly canteen for servicemen, amazes us all by declaring that it was not Gloria he wished to marry but June. This is all the more exciting because the sailor is really the grandson of a millionaire.

BEAUTY is truth, truth beauty—that is all you need to know about this plot. The entertainment relies on the entertainers; and these, as I have hinted, are many in number. The warehouse is quickly transformed into what looks like a theatre and dance hall the size of Olympia, and here, with a vista of Gargantuan buffets stretching into the dim distance, we hear and see numbers of celebrities giving their services for the benefit of the enraptured troops. Not that I can remember them all. There is Albert Coates, who conducts a curious piano concerto performed by Gracie Allen with one finger, the music of which is not distinguished by the highest originality, since it contains, among other things, an excerpt from *Il Trovatore* and a galop by Strauss. Jimmy Durante, saddled with a completely unsuitable role as a broken-down troupier who leaps again into fame, is given some songs of an unbelievable fatuity. Which is a pity, because I have enjoyed Jimmy very much in the past.

THEN there is Lena Horne, whose great style can do nothing with that paper-doll nonsense, of which I am sick to vomiting, that and "Take it Easy" being the only two tunes my wireless knows between eleven and twelve. The Wilde Twins struck me, if I may say so, as singularly tame. There is somebody called Amparo Novarro, and there is also our old friend Iturbi, hammering away with some young woman at de Falla's Fire Dance on two pianos.

MORE dancing, more singing, and over all, above all, amidst all, Harry James the trumpeter and his Music Makers. This James would have delighted Bach; I have never heard such high notes on a trumpet in my life. He also brings forth miracles of cacophony which would have made the late Alban Berg green with envy. Then there is Xavier Cugat and his orchestra with Rina Romay, who is bi-lingual and sings what I imagine is a very naughty song in Spanish and what I know to be a very silly song in English. In other words, here is Hollywood winning the war.

Double Life of a "Pin-Up" Girl

Betty Grable in a Dual Role



Lorry's heart misses a beat when she meets Tommy Dooley, who believes her to be Laura Lorraine, star of a Broadway show, in the Washington office where she works by day (Betty Grable, John Harvey)



Betty Grable in an Apache Number



Marian (Martha Raye), singing star of the smart Club Chartreuse where Lorry has become the rage, threatens to walk out. With her is proprietor Eddie (Joe E. Brown)



Gloria Nord and the Skating Vanities in a Roller Interact

● *Pin-Up Girl*, one of Twentieth Century's musicals in Technicolor, is being shown at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion. It is the story of Lorry Jones (Betty Grable), a hard-working Civil Service typist by day, the life and soul of the night clubs by night. Lorry's duplicity gets her into trouble but the Marines win through and Lorry gets her man and the fame and fortune she deserves



Laura Lorraine, alias Lorry Jones, is Star of a Broadway Show

The Theatre

The Sadler's Wells Ballet (New)

By Horace Horsnell

AGE has not yet withered, nor custom staled, the Sadler's Wells Ballet. It has the freshness without the gaucheries of youth. Its repertory seems infinite in variety and is first-rate in quality. Founded and brilliantly directed by Ninette de Valois, it has become one of the brightest ornaments of our stage. The leading dancers, Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn, would be notable in any company; and Miss de Valois is to be congratulated on the success with which she has maintained the high standards which are this company's distinction.

The programmes of the present season at the New Theatre include such favourites from the Russian classics as the ineffable *Sylphides* and *Le Lac des Cygnes*, and revivals of *Job* and *The Rake's Progress*. One new ballet has just been added to the repertory, *Le Festin de l'Araignée* (*The Spider's Banquet*), a rather sinister little fantasy in one act by Andree Howard.

THIS insecticidal fable, calculated to give Little Miss Muffet the shivers and confirm her worst opinion of spiders, is perhaps more ingenious than purely æsthetic. Its characters are all insects, and cunningly retain their entomological manners, customs and identity. The scene is a garden in the South of France, or rather a busy but secluded corner of it, frequented by ants, beetles, praying mantises, bright flies, and soft lumbering grubs—all unrationed delicacies to the Spider, who spreads her treacherous table over the tangled grasses, and hangs upon it, like Mr. Micawber, waiting for something to turn up.

It is also an ironic little fable in which the spider-hostess becomes her own *pièce de résistance*, and meets with the fate she designed for her guests. The scene and the actors are projected as under a microscope which magnifies the scale of flora and fauna, and gives the fatal web the strength and stoutness of a cable. It is devised with macabre whimsicality. Miss Howard's insect dramatis personæ astonishingly combine their own natural history with fantasy. The Spider herself and the praying mantises are nightmare personalities, grim, businesslike, even humorous. The grubs are slow-motion tumblers whose apparently aimless but adhesive stealth gets them infallibly

to the cores of windfalls. The ants are practical busybodies, and the butterfly a pretty, fluttering simpleton.

As a composition it is less a thing of conventional beauty than a mordant little *jeu d'esprit*, more likely, one would say, to titillate the fancy of the nursery than to engross grown-ups. The music by Albert Roussel is most ingeniously reflected by the action, and the scene and costumes designed by Michael Ayrton are cleverly in keeping.

THE full quality of the company is perhaps more truly shown in such ballets as *The Rake's Progress*, *The Prospect Before Us*, and *Job* (all designed by Ninette de Valois), in which Robert Helpmann's outstanding talent as an actor and Margot Fonteyn's lovely blend of arts and graces are brilliantly displayed. With the frolicsome *Patineurs*, the rollicking *Coppelia*, and such charming miniatures as

Spectre de la Rose and the light, gay Haydnesque *Promenade*, these are all included in the present season.

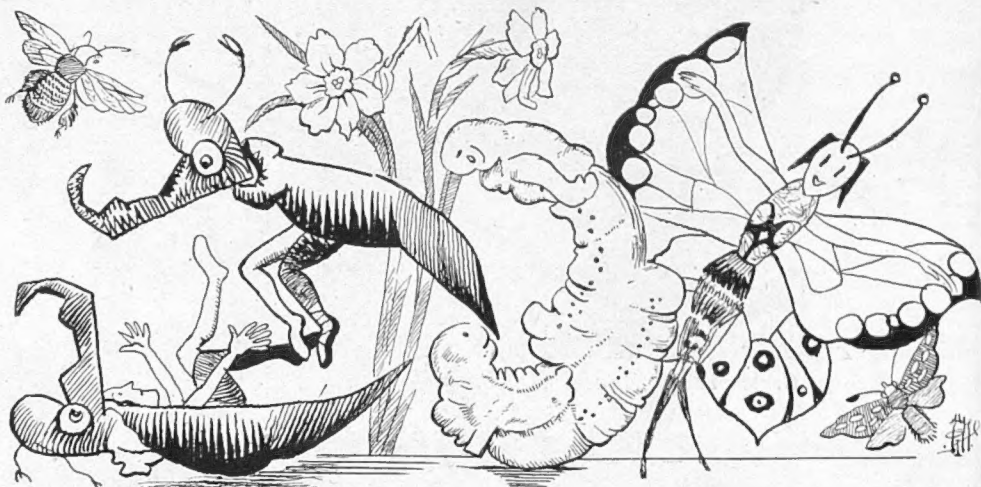
We English are reputed to be addicted to self-depreciation and unduly impressed by art and artists from abroad. Of the Sadler's Wells Ballet it may be felt that, had this company come to us from the Continent, say, with its present leaders, repertory and an exotic



"The Rake's Progress": Julia Farron as The Betrayed Girl and Leslie Edwards as The Rake



"Le Spectre de la Rose": Margot Fonteyn as The Young Girl, Alexis Rassine as The Spirit of the Rose



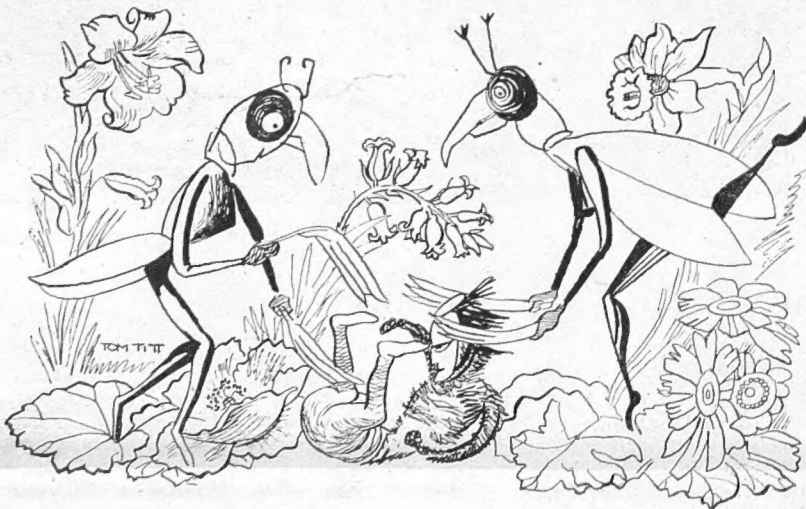
"Le Festin de l'Araignée" is the latest ballet to be added to the repertoire of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Left: The Spider (Celia Franca) is defeated by The Praying Mantises

réclame, we should have received it with a louder (though possibly not more sincere) appreciation than its "home-made" virtues have steadily earned during the years of progress from gallant apprenticeship to achieved mastery.

The young successors to major roles rendered vacant by the exigencies of war and the departure of their brilliant predecessors, have matured and can tackle exacting repertorial problems with brilliant success. One has but to compare the style and polish of this company with that of others to realize how well qualified is the Sadler's Wells entourage to be known as the National Ballet, and how strikingly vindicated are the good taste and devotion to high standards, æsthetic no less than technical, of Ninette de Valois and the musicianly enthusiasm of Constant Lambert, who directs the orchestra for which he occasionally composes.





Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Pamela Brown as Madeleine at the Lyric Theatre

Jean-Jacques Bernard's latest play, *Madeleine*, translated by J. Leslie Frith, was produced at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, by Norman Marshall last week. In it, the brilliant young British actress Pamela Brown plays the name-part—an intensely dramatic role centring round a young girl whose mind is preyed upon by the fear that she has inherited her mother's sensual tendencies. Mary Hinton appears as the mother, with Lawrence Hanray, Peter Copley, Jeanette Tregarthen and Charles Deane in supporting roles. *Madeleine* is to run for a four-weeks' season at the Lyric. The author, Jean-Jacques Bernard, was regarded as one of the leading French dramatists before the war, but nothing has been heard of him since the Nazi invasion of France in 1940

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Her Majesty Meets Two Old Friends

DURING a recent visit to a hospital in the South of England the Queen met an old friend, Brigadier Lord Lovat, who was wounded while leading our special troops in Normandy. When Her Majesty asked about his wounds, Lord Lovat told her, with a grin, that the annoying thing was to be back in England and unable to go to Ascot, but what he really feels most is the enforced separation from his Commandos, and, as one close friend put it to me: "He won't be happy till he gets back with them again."

The other old friend was Capt. Conolly Abel Smith, R.N., who in peacetime is one of the King's equerries. Capt. Abel Smith is one of the many members of the Royal Household who have been away on active service since the very start of the war. He was received in audience by the King at Buckingham Palace shortly before going out of the country to take up an important naval appointment abroad.

Royal Academy Banquet

IN peacetime, the annual banquet of the Royal Academy was an occasion for elaborate feasting and much after-dinner oratory, and on many banquet nights Princes of the Blood and famous statesmen have used the audience of distinguished artists as a sounding-board with which to express their views to the world on an astonishing variety of topics, sometimes with only the slenderest of connections with things artistic.

This year a less formal, but perhaps more interesting, function has taken place in private. Sir Alfred Munnings, the new President of the Royal Academy, was host at a private dinner-party at which the small company of guests included some of the most famous figures in the world of art, one or two members of the Government known for their artistic leanings, several M.P.s, and some members of their Majesties' entourage. Among these was Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, who, as Treasurer to the Queen, knows better than anyone else the depth and extent of Her Majesty's patronage of modern British painters, since it is part of his duties to sign the cheques drawn on the Queen's private accounts whenever Her Majesty adds to her already considerable collection. Speeches at this dinner were much more forthright than is the case when the proceedings are to be reported, and several eminent Academicians expressed themselves quite strongly on such matters as the design and artistic worth of the Government's post-war, steel pre-fabricated houses. The President, whose wit is as keen as his phrasing is well-turned, made one of the most amusing speeches heard after dinner for a very long time.

The Duchess of Kent at Bedford

THE Duchess of Kent paid her first visit to Bedford when she opened an exhibition of handicrafts made by the Services stationed in the county. A really remarkable and first-rate display of work had been arranged, and the Duchess delighted the handicraft officers by her very genuine interest in everything she saw.



Harlip

A Recent Engagement

The engagement of Miss Elspeth Lettyr Stirling, daughter of Colonel W. F. Stirling, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Stirling, of Knightsbridge, to Mr. John Frederick Lascelles, Grenadier Guards, son of Sir Alan and the Hon. Lady Lascelles, of St. James's Palace, was announced last month.

Instead of the usual bouquet, some cleverly contrived toy models were presented to the Duchess for her children. One was the model of a ship, one the model of an Army lorry and one the model of an aeroplane. Each was presented by an auxiliary of the Service concerned, with the hope that the young Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra would enjoy playing with them.

(Continued on page 10)



The Queen Finds an Old Friend in Hospital When She Visits Wounded in a Southern Area

During a recent visit to our wounded from Normandy the Queen met an old friend, Brigadier Lord Lovat. Lord Lovat was in command of Special Service troops in France, and was wounded shortly after the Allied landing. Fortunately, his injuries are not serious and he hopes to be with his men once more in a few months.



Lady Lovat visited her husband in hospital, and as she left seemed delighted with the progress he is making. The Lovats have three children—a son and two daughters.

Second Birthday

Prince Michael Celebrates the Event
This Week



Two Years Old on July 4th



Prince Michael of Kent

These charming pictures of the Duchess of Kent and her children were taken not long before Prince Michael's second birthday on July 4th. The young Duke of Kent was at home at the time. He is now a boarder at Ludgrove preparatory school, where his cousins, the Princess Royal's two sons, both went. His sister, Princess Alexandra, who is already a good horse-woman, has taken part in at least two public events this year: the Iver Children's Gymkhana and the Royal Windsor Horse Show



The Duchess of Kent and Her Family

*Photographs by
Harlip*

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Before the Duchess opened the exhibition she honoured the Lord Lieutenant, Col. Dealtry Part, and the organiser, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, with her presence at luncheon, when the guests included Gen. Sir Kenneth Anderson, G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command; Major-Gen. Sir Colin Jardine, Director of Army Welfare, who has just arrived home from an extensive tour of our fighting Services abroad; Col. the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon (the Queen's brother) and his attractive wife, who is now working with the American Red Cross; Admiral Sir Lionel and Lady Halsey; and Lord Luke, without whom no Bedfordshire function would be complete. Her Royal Highness was able to greet an old friend in the gathering, in the person of G/Capt. "Mouse" Fielden, who is Captain of the King's Flight, and who piloted the King on his trip to the Middle East.



Wedding of Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha and Miss Cynthia Elliot

The marriage of the former War Minister, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, and Miss Cynthia Elliot was a quiet affair at the Norbiton Registry Office, but a large number of friends forgathered afterwards to celebrate the occasion. In this photograph, the bride's mother, Mrs. Gilbert Elliot, is seen with Lord Revelstoke, Mrs. Hore-Belisha, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Lady Ann Elliot, Colonel Harold Mitchell and Miss Hilde Slone

represent him. Mr. Hore-Belisha's stepfather, Sir Adair Hore (from whom he took his additional surname), came along with his wife, who is a Swiss.

Political circles were largely to the fore, headed, as one might say, by Lord and Lady Simon, Major and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George, Sir John and Lady Anderson, Mr. Walter Elliot and Mr. Ernest Brown. Others there included

Lady Louis Mountbatten; Lady Cunard, Mrs. Corrigan (sporting a red feather toque), Mary Lady Howe (the liveliest in the room, as always) and Mrs. Dewar. There were no speeches or toasts, but there was much admiration for the wedding-cake, for it had real almond paste on it and icing, the sugar for which had been contributed by friends and relations.

(Concluded on page 24)



Harlip

Wife of an Artist Prisoner

The Hon. Mrs. George Milne is the wife of Major the Hon. George Douglass Milne, R.A., a prisoner of war in Germany since the days of Crete. Portraits of his fellow-prisoners by Major Milne were exhibited in this year's Academy

Newcomers

THERE is great rejoicing at Cowdray Park at the birth of a son and heir to Viscount Cowdray. Lord Cowdray married Lady Anne Bridgeman, daughter of the 5th Earl of Bradford, in 1939, and they have two little daughters, Mary Teresa, born in 1940, and Liza Jane, who was born two years later.

Another little boy whose birth has given particular pleasure is the son of Sir George and Lady Franckenstein. Letters and telegrams of congratulation have been pouring in at Moorlands, South Ascot, ever since the news was announced. The fine musical parties which Sir George used to give at the Austrian Legation in Belgrave Square, in the many years when he was Austrian Minister, are still talked of in artistic circles.

Wedding

THE marriage of Miss Cynthia Elliot to Mr. Hore-Belisha was a quiet ceremony at the Norbiton Registry Office, but the reception-cum-cocktail party given by Mrs. Gilbert Elliot developed into a crowded affair at the flat in Orchard Court, where friends of both the bride and groom congregated in large numbers. The bride's only surviving brother, Alex, was away on war duty, but his attractive auburn-haired wife, Lady Ann Elliot, was there to



A Christening at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street

Lord and Lady Monson's infant son, born in April last, was christened Anthony John at a recent ceremony at the Grosvenor Chapel. This photograph, taken outside the church, shows Colonel A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., Mrs. J. W. F. Treadwell, Lord Monson, Lady Monson with Anthony John, Mrs. Drexel Biddle, Major Everard Gates, Miss Mary Williams and Mr. Edward Beattie. The Monsons now have four children—three sons and a daughter



Bertram Park

Lady Cripps : President of the United Aid to China Fund

Ever since Lady Cripps first read the detailed diary kept by her husband, Sir Stafford, of his journey to Moscow by way of Chungking in 1940, she has taken an intense interest in the country and in its millions of peoples, and as President of the United Aid to China Fund she has done magnificent work in expressing, in concrete form, something of the sympathy felt by the men and women of Great Britain for that nation. Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps live at Far Oakridge, near Stroud, and have been responsible for the modernising of a Gloucestershire village in keeping with Cotswold tradition, including the installation of a Village Centre with doctor's surgery, hot and cold baths, a bowling-green for the older folk and a children's playground and swimming-pool. They have one son, three daughters, two adopted sons and three grandchildren.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

In the Guild of Agricultural Journalists, which lunched recently at the Dorchester, one of Mayfair's village pubs, the white-faced, nerveracked Fleet Street boys our brethren have a constant reminder of what they themselves might be with simpler, purer ambitions and a cleaner life.

You often see, in a big newspaper office, a spellbound crowd of neurotic hysterical figures gathered round a burly, genial ruddy-faced figure in tweeds. It is the office member of the G.A.J. (we know one) telling them about cows named Blossom or Damson, or a dear old horse named Blackberry, or a pet goose named Spitfire. Rapt, the boys listen, firing quick, searching, intelligent questions.

"What's a cow look like?"

"Why, dang me, mubbe I could draw ee one. . . . Ay, there her be. . . . That 's a cow."

"What are those curly things?"

"Why, them 's her hornses. Ay, old cow she allus likes hornses! There 'd be a hem ornary ole set-out, I tell ee, if old cow she lost her hornses! Ho, ho, ho!"

"What are hornses for?"

"Why, old Blossom, or old Damson, like, she aun't praäper without hornses. Come Hocktide and Wurzeltide, us du hang daisychains on she. 'Tis a praäper old jollification, I tell ee."

"Why four legs?"

And so forth. Before long the strained, haggard, twitching features are suffused with a strange longing light, the nicotine-stained fingernails are bitten less savagely, the jerking restless hands are still. We got to know about cows ourselves through a Mr. Easterbrook.

Gibe

ROGUERY on the Turf, as Auntie Times justly remarked, is not what it was a hundred years ago, when four-year-old Maccabeus won the Derby as a three-year-old named Running Rein, and Mr. Crockford's highly-tipped Ratan was doped to lose, his own jockey, Sam Rogers, laying against him.

Modern racing thugs are tame and timid, and we doubt if they 'd have the nerve to act in an emergency like Mr. Crockford's chums. "Crocky" died of heart-disease on the eve of a big race. In order not to ruin the market his sweating associates dressed the corpse in its usual striking attire and propped it in its usual chair till the race was safely over. And it would be just like you to pipe up and allege that Pall Mall is full of dead clubmen propped in windows anyway. That was undoubtedly one of the things which terrified Barrie, who belonged to several West End clubs but dared not enter any of them. The King of Whimsy's own explanation was that he didn't know how to behave in clubs, but we guess it was the (alleged) corpses of Pall Mall which gave him that key-line in *Peter Pan* about dying being a Dweifle Big Adventure.

Footnote

WE think this standard gibe against West End clubmen is vulgar, hysterical, and totally untrue. Chaps who utter it



William De la Hay

"Just toast and marmalade for me, waiter—
if you can manage the toast"

have probably got clubmen mixed up with zombies. Zombies, as you may know, are newly-buried human bodies dug up by Voodoo sorcerers in Haiti for black-magic purposes. They walk about like automatons and have no soul or brains. There are no certified zombies in this country, whatever newspaper correspondence-columns may read like.

Yarn

ICELAND has broken from Denmark and become a republic, which reminds us that the only chap we know who visited Iceland got heat-rash and was nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes. Hence (according to him) the enormous length of the Sagas, Icelandic poets being unable to sleep day and night, like other poets, for scratching themselves.

Travellers are such romantics that this may be just an average front-page "splash" news-story. (The same chap later penetrated into Rutland, where no white man had ever before set foot, and reported that the Rutlanders have eyes in their chests and eat human flesh.) These stories are difficult to check. You used to hear sunbronzed, hard-bitten chaps in clubs giving the most fantastic accounts of wild, strange, beautiful places encountered in their travels—Monte Carlo, for example, Nice, Biarritz, Cannes, Mentone, Paris. How far they were fooling the bourgeoisie we never knew.

In the 18th century travellers did their stuff with such success that they became known as "Abyssinia" Bruce, "Corsica" Boswell, "Jamaica" Dawkins, and so forth. There's a "Monte Carlo" Smith in a club we know who charms listening circles nightly after dinner with tales of huge glittering palaces where people gamble and drink. Probably it's just a tea-room run by elderly ladies in grey silk, with a ping-pong room attached.

(Concluded on page 11)



Murray Wilson

"Pleasant journey, dear"



Cambridge batting was opened by D. M. Haynes and C. L. Lewis Barclay in the inter-Varsity match at Lord's



Poole, Dublin

Racegoers at the Phoenix Park Meeting, Dublin

Miss Zita Hartigan, daughter of Mr. Hubert Hartigan, who since the war trains in Eire, was escorted by Mr. Dermot Smyth. Mr. Smyth is a well-known rider at Irish point-to-point meetings

Mrs. Nesbit Waddington walked round the paddock with Mr. Hubert Hartigan. Mrs. Waddington is the wife of F/Lt. Nesbit Waddington, R.A.F.V.R., who before joining the R.A.F. was manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Eire

Viscount and Viscountess Adare watched the racing together, and saw Mr. Joseph McGrath's Pongo win the £500 Phoenix Hurdle. Lord Adare is the son and heir of the Earl of Dunraven

Round the Sporting World



Oxford batting was opened by L. H. C. Emsden and M. E. A. Keeling. Cambridge beat Oxford by six wickets



The Inter-Varsity Match in Progress, With H. L. Pullinger and W. F. Richardson Batting for Oxford



The U.S. Strategic Air Force Defeat Royal Australian Air Force by Six Matches to Three at Wimbledon

Members of the victorious U.S. Air Force team are seen above. Standing: W. C. Honker, Capt. C. E. Lowrance, W. L. Anderson, L. A. Wyatt, W. C. Bell. Sitting: C. E. Hare (late British Davis Cup player), Lt. T. McDougal (U.S.R.C.) and H. Quinn



D. R. Stuart

In spite of the fact that two members of the Royal Australian Air Force team had been on operations the night before, they succeeded in winning 94 games to the Americans' 106. Standing: E. Lauder, B. M. Joyce, F/Lt. P. Cochrane and B. J. Warren. Sitting: G. Hammond, F/O. R. Felah and R. Webster

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Tipple

TROOPS in the Calvados sector have probably discovered by now a peculiar property of the celebrated local tipple, which is so like New England applejack; namely that at a certain stage of Calvados a lot of bells suddenly start a noisy carillon, an enormous moon swings to and fro like a clock-pendulum, and you find Marlene Dietrich sitting on your lap, fluttering those eyelashes.

The Normans get over this embarrassment by pretending La Dietrich isn't there, with typical Norman chicanery. "Meet Miss Dietrich," we once said to the proprietor of a *débit* in a charming little village in the hinterland. He shook his great square Norman head and grinned. "I guess," said Miss Dietrich in that low, husky, thrilling voice, "that lowlife bum just hasn't gotten any social ambition." This conversation ensued:

Us: Go on, Miss D. Show him. Chantez, Baby. (To Propr.) Elle va chanter.

PROPR.: Peut pas chanter, n'y a personne.

LA D.: What'll I sing?

PROPR.: Peut pas chanter, c'est de la folie.

LA D.: That guy says I can't sing? Listen.

(Here Miss Dietrich sang a low, husky song about not being able to do something or other about Love. We didn't quite get the words, but we got the general idea. Meanwhile the propr. was leaning against the bar, reading the local paper and scratching his head.)

Us: There you are!
Elle a chanté! Bravo!
Très bien! Merci!

PROPR.: Peut pas chanter, n'y a personne.

Typical Norman caution and thickheadedness. We were about to laugh over it rather superciliously with La Dietrich when we found it wasn't her after all sitting on our lap, it was—of all people in the world—Sir John Reith. That meant a big laugh, in which the proprietor joined despite himself, and a good time was had by all.

Story

To satisfy a vague doubt whether one of the lighthearted military commentator boys was correct in describing those homely girl snipers captured in Normandy as "Amazons," we turned up the nearest classical-dictionary, that of a Fellow of Caius (1874), and doubted even more.

The Amazons were mostly tough cavalry girls, apparently. The Fellow hits out scornfully at the wellknown story that they used to cut off the right breast to facilitate archery. Pure fiction, he snarls. We found ourselves thinking enviously of the Fellow of Caius and wondering how often he dined



"Can I be of any assistance?"

out on this. It probably went over pretty big at Cambridge dinner-tables circa 1860-70, but by 1875, maybe, its vogue had waned. By 1880 the other Fellows of Caius were sick of hearing it in Senior Common-Room, though their wives and daughters pining at home were still a bit nervous about it. Mamma, do you *really* think we can ask Mr. Whipsnade to meet the Bishop of Runtifoo and Mrs. Chopworth? I mean, that gag of his about the Amalekites . . .

It's the fate of specialists to become bores. *Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*. Fortunately this particular Fellow had some 56789 other fascinating topics to dine out on. Let me tell you about the Optostrotum, Miss Wagtail. It was a species of Roman flooring made, or paved, with bricks . . .

Sadismus

IT was high time the London bridge-clubs appealed to the Portland to limit the increasing number of mechanical conventions in Contract Bridge. You need logarithm-tables, a sextant, slide-rules, and a Barr-and-Stroud to play a rubber already.

Chaps like Ely Culbertson and Milton G. (or something) Work started rattling the contract-maniacs in pure devilish mischief, we guess. Thousands of women's clubs all over the United States have normally nothing to do in an afternoon but listen to lectures, eat cookies, and play bridge. There was a time when British bestselling booksy boys poured into the States like Niagara in spate, lecturing right and left. The women's clubs soon got sick of that form of suffering, and Culbertson a little later noticed them yawning over their rubbers. (Culbertson is said to be of Russian origin, which explains that ruthless Byzantine streak.) Tipping the wink to Milton H.—or whatever it is—Work, he immediately started to fry those babies and fry 'em good. Listening to Hugh Walpole and the other boys was a picnic compared to what those sweethearts had to face at the bridge-table henceforth.

Footnote

WE shed no tears for those ironfaced robots who take Contract seriously. When—very rarely—forced to make a fourth, we enliven the dismal proceedings with song, wild tales of romance and travel, and passionate declarations of love. You'd think this was wrong, to hear their cries.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"They come along every evening about this time, and although my brother has always insisted they're weasels, I've always maintained they're cock pheasants. Now, which of us is right?"

Julia Farron as Mdlle. Theodore

Premiere Danseuse in Ninette de Valois's Ballet
"The Prospect Before Us"

● Julia Farron is one of the very promising young members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. In 1939, when she was seventeen, she created her first important role—that of Psyche in the ballet *Cupid and Psyche*. Since then she has danced many leading roles in *Sylphides*, *Comus*, *The Gods Go a-Begging* and *The Rake's Progress*. These pictures show her as Mdlle. Theodore in *The Prospect Before Us*, a role which admirably suits her demi-character style, her sense of humour and characterisation. During the past few years Julia Farron has developed into a first-rate artiste, her delicate and fluid dancing is always delightful to watch, and her work generally at the age of twenty-two shows an interesting maturity beyond her years

Photographs by Anthony



Julia Farron Wears the Practice Dress of the Period in the Rehearsal Scene of the Ballet

Young People and Their Parents



Major and Mrs. John Peto and Their Children

Major John Peto, M.P. for King's Norton Division of Birmingham, and his wife and family were photographed at Greenhill Brow, their beautiful Queen Anne house near Farnham. Major Peto, third son of Sir Basil Peto, Bt., married the daughter of Mr. Gerald Macleay Browne, O.B.E., in 1934, and they have three daughters and a son, Jonathan, who was born in 1942.

Right: The Hon. Mrs. Hendry was Miss Elspeth Ironside before her marriage to Capt. Andrew Hendry, Black Watch. Her father, Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, created a Baron in 1941, was Chief of Imperial General Staff in 1939, and C-in-C., Home Forces, from May to July the following year. Mrs. Hendry and her son were staying at her father's home at Hingham, Norfolk, when they were photographed.



The Hon. Mrs. Andrew Hendry and Her Son, Michael



The Petos in Front

Photographs by Compton Collie



House, Greenhill Brow



Baroness de Robeck and Her Sons

The wife of Brig. Baron de Robeck, M.B.E., was staying at Hutton House, Hutton-in-the-Forest, Cumberland, the home of her father, Lt.-Col. Hugh Simpson, when this picture was taken. The Baroness was an officer in the A.T.S. before the birth of her elder son in 1941, and her husband is serving abroad. The children are Martin and Richard



Mrs. Harold Cassel and Timothy

Left: Mrs. Cassel and her two-year-old son were staying with her parents, Capt. Evelyn and the Hon. Mrs. Barclay, at Colney Hall, Norfolk. Mrs. Cassel is the wife of Sir Felix and Lady Helen Cassel's younger son, and her husband, a Captain in the Royal Artillery, is a prisoner of war



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Supreme Allied Commander, South-East Asia

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., A.D.C., son of a brilliant sailor and a former First Sea Lord, entered the Navy at the age of thirteen. He had already a remarkable war record when in March 1942 he became Chief of Combined Operations, with the ranks of Vice-Admiral, Lt.-Gen. and Air Marshal. In this capacity he went to Washington in June that year for discussions on the strategy of the United Nations, later visiting Ottawa to confer with Dominions Service Chiefs. When at the Quebec Conference in August last year the decision was announced to set up a separate South-East Asia Command for conducting operations based on India and Ceylon against Japan, there was no doubt that Admiral Mountbatten was admirably fitted to fill the post of Supreme Commander in that theatre. In April, after five months of work in Delhi in close co-operation with the India Command, Admiral Mountbatten, with his Anglo-American staff, transferred the South-East Command from its training and supply base, India, to its operational headquarters, Ceylon.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Aftermath

It will possibly be accepted on all hands that, if we attempt to find the winner of the Leger from the material provided by the field in the Derby, the task is going to be an extremely difficult one. The reason for suggesting that this will be so is, that that race leaves us with no better information than we had after the Two Thousand, and I think I will venture to go even farther than that, and say, after the Middle Park Stakes, for the gallop in the Derby is worth just about 6 furlongs. It is certainly worth nothing as 1½-mile form, and, therefore, of even less value as a guide to 1½ miles, the distance of these wartime Legers. For some reason or other, they ambled along for at least the first 5 furlongs, quickened a little for the next furlong and a half, and then turned it into a mad scramble for home. How can a race run like that be any sort of guide as to stamina? It was a sprinter's holiday, because no stayer—presuming, for the sake of argument, that there was one in the field—even attempted to do the obvious, i.e., make use of his reserve ammunition by jumping away in the first slow-run half-mile to 5 furlongs, and establishing a "break," or a gap in plainer language, and then sitting pretty at the moment when the dawdlers discovered that there was a race on.

No Names No Pack-Drill

BUT isn't it fairly obvious that even some moderate practitioner might have stolen 5 lengths, perhaps even more, in those first 5 furlongs, and that it would have been very difficult for the pursuit to recover them? The "thief" would have had plenty of time allowed him for an easy to recover any of the energy which his dash out of the gate may have used up. Take the positions of two of those, who were close up, as signposts to the correctness of this theory: Abbots Fell—a neck, short head and a head behind the winner, and Orestes a close-up sixth. Abbots Fell's S.P. was 33 to 1, and it was only Arthur Wragg's sudden perception of how false the pace had been that got him where he was.

Nice colt as this is, and fighting fit as he was turned out, I am certain that his most knowledgeable trainer never believed that he would get more than 1½ miles in a truly-run race. We have seen it proved to demonstration that Orestes barely gets a mile, yet here he was well in amongst them, and this also goes for Mustang, winner of a slow 1½ miles. All this throws doubt upon all those at the top end. If Lord Rosebery runs Ocean Swell in the Gold Cup (2½ miles, July 5th) and he puts up a good fight, even if he does not win, it may tell us something, and the main thing perhaps will be that, if instead of remaining with the idlers in the Derby, he had taken charge and set the pace, he would have won by a lot more than a neck. This is justified surmise. The main point is that the Derby has led us up a blind alley, and that we cannot know anything until we get a real test. Happy Landing, his friends say, ought to have won, but even if he had, of what value would the form be? This big colt strikes me as more the shape of a good sprinter than a long-distance traveller, and that which he showed us at the finish of this Derby bears out this idea. He has undoubtedly got a good dash of foot, but we do not know whether he can stay.

In connection with these Classics, I hear from a Sure Hand that the chaps who are so busy at the moment putting Von Kesselring in his place and also from those who are going to give Rommel some more exercise at the double, have been, and are, keenly interested and have many amateur "Old Firms" laying them the odds at wholesale prices! One of them asked me the other day whether the B.B.C. could not be induced to devote a bit of its time to giving them some more racing news and comment of the intelligent kind, even if it meant cutting out some of the gents. with falsetto voices, and some of the wailing sisterhood. I do not suppose for one moment that the B.B.C.'s omission is intentional or that they like these warblers any better than most of us do, but I think the suggestion is worth putting forward, for, after all, the lads who are doing our job so magnificently should have a priority claim.



New Director-General, Home Guard

Major-Gen. Sir James Syme Drew, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., has been appointed Director-General, Home Guard and Territorial Army. He succeeds Major-Gen. Viscount Bridgeman, who has been appointed Deputy Adjutant-General.

Was He Watching?

THE spectator referred to is that Phœnician genius, Hannibal, the toughest warrior who ever rode an elephant. He won the first battle of Trasimenus Lacus (Lago di Perugia) in 217 B.C., and it is noteworthy that at that time he had only one eye. Some think that he was a better General than even Marlborough. We have a quite modern simile, and, with humble respect, I suggest that the erudite Viceroy of India will be quick to detect my right to direct attention to a remarkable parallel. Hannibal not only won the battle of Trasimenus, but destroyed the Roman army under the valiant, but not particularly brilliant, Flaminius. It was the custom in those times not to leave anyone sufficiently alive to bring a pilum down to the charge, or wield a broadsword. Since then this custom has fallen into disuse. Perhaps in those times also a Stalag Luft III was not unknown? The prototype of the distinguished officer directing at the second battle of Trasimenus absolutely preferred riding something that could buck like

(Concluded on page 20)



Lieut.-Colonel Bobby Jones Lines Up for Rations

The famous American golfer Bobby Jones is serving with the U.S. Army over in Normandy. Bobby Jones won the Open Championship of Great Britain in 1926, 1927 and 1930, and was Amateur Champion of Great Britain in 1930.



"Salute the Soldier" Week in Derbyshire

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Colonel-in-Chief of the Sherwood Foresters, was the chief speaker at the opening of "Salute the Soldier" Campaign at Wirksworth, Derbyshire. Gen. Brownrigg is seen with Lt.-Col. V. C. Brind and Col. Hamilton.

H. Gill, Mallock

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

blazes, for the bull-headed Bucephalus was a master of the art. Alexander's successor, I somehow feel, has the same predilection, and will handle the German-bred buck-jumper with equal success and precision. Now for some more history which may rewrite itself! After Trasimenes the war threw up the talented Fabius, the Cunctator, the virtuoso of the delaying action and the precursor of the Maquis commander. He has been reincarnated in the valorous Tito and in Koenig, who, despite his name, is a Frenchman. I am certain that we shall find that this war has not produced another Fabius in von Kesselring, who has already displayed the fact that he is completely lacking in that ancient Roman's military acumen. It may be well to recall, since we happen to be chatting about historical parallels,



D. R. Stuart

"Measure for Measure" Produced by O.U.D.S. in Christ Church Cloisters

The O.U.D.S. summer pastoral was produced by Nevill Coghill. Roger Green (Merton) is seen as Elbow, Mrs. Frances Fraser (wife of a Don) as Mistress Overdone, Arthur Ashby (Exeter) as Lucio and Aubrey Russ (a schoolmaster) as Pompey

The Christ Church Cloisters provided a wonderful setting for the play. Above are Richard Burton (Exeter) as Angelo, Betty Hughes as Isabella and Paul Haefner (Queen's) as the Duke of Vienna



A Recent Wedding

F/O. Eirene M. W. Crocker and Major John G. McMinnies, R.A., son of Major Gordon McMinnies, Deputy Civil Defence Organiser for Gloucestershire, and Mrs. McMinnies, were married at the Military Chapel, Cairo

that Trasimenes and the guerilla operations of Fabius were followed by the staggering disaster of Cannæ (216 B.C.), when Hannibal completely obliterated a numerically formidable Roman army led by Æmilius Paulus (the name seems to have a familiar ring about it) and Terentius Varro. Cannæ, I am sure, is very much in the minds of many now standing on the reedy banks of Trasimenes.

The Future of Polo

It is not a bad trick at a moment when certain loafs are doing their darndest to accomplish the impossible and tip this nation off its balance, to talk of "other things," which need not necessarily be "cabbages and kings," so I produce a note about one of the most exhilarating of all games, which has arrived to me from a very distinguished Blue Jacket, who is at the moment rather far away. He writes: "I agree that polo will not come back to what it was, but I feel that there is a real future in professional polo. With big stadiums in the great cities of the world, and men of the Pat Roark, Earl Hopping, Gerald Balding class playing in first-class International teams representing various towns or clubs, on the lines of professional football, it should prove so great an attraction that there will be enough money to pay them handsome salaries and pay the expenses."

It is a novel idea, and I am sure a good one. I would not rule out the chance of such things as Army, Navy and Air Force teams being possible, and the certainty of such alterations in the "Code Napoleon" as would be necessary to permit their chipping in without loss of amateur status. After all, we already have mixed amateur and professional sides at cricket, and plenty of G.R.s ride in races on equal terms with the Professors.



"Collected on the (July) Course": by "The Tout"

Mr. W. F. Phillips trains with Sadler at Newmarket and owns a really good filly in Monsoon, who ran second to Hyvilla in the Oaks last month. H.H. Maharaja of Kashmir saw Royal Pay carry his colours to victory in the Ixworth Stakes (Div. II.) after a very game tussle with Goldhill and the big tip Show-a-Leg. Sir Eric Ohlson's undefeated Dante, from Mat Peacock's Yorkshire stable, has now won four races off the reel. With his remarkable turn of speed, Dante must now be regarded as the two-year-old champion of the season, and it is many years since the North produced such a smasher

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

The Medical Staff of an R.N. Air Station

Sitting : Surg. Lt. Dillon, R.N.V.R., Miss A. Ferguson, V.A.D., Surg. Lt. J. H. Foxton, R.N.V.R., Miss J. C. Hymers, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Surg. Cdr. E. I. Puddy, V.D., R.N.V.R., Surg. Lt. R. T. Smith, R.N., Miss C. Thomson, V.A.D., Surg. Lt. (D) J. Paterson, R.N.V.R., Surg. Lt. K. W. Martin, R.N.V.R., Surg. Lt. (D) D. F. Soul, R.N.V.R.



Officers of a Balloon Squadron

D. R. Stuart

Sitting : S/O. Busby, F/Lt. Edmonds, S/Ldr. Vincent, F/Lt. Knighton, F/O. Shrivess. Standing : W/O. Pretty, F/O. Morton, F/O. Foster, F/Lt. Mayo, P/O. Dutch, F/O. Anderson, W/O. Warren



D. R. Stuart

Engineer Officers of a Naval Training Depot

Sitting : Cdr. (E) C. O. H. Korstvedt, R.N.R., Capt. (E) G. S. Hepton, R.N.R., Lt. (E) L. Foster, R.N.V.R. Standing : Sub-Lts. (E) W. Barber, R.N.V.R., (E) L. J. Chambers, R.N.V.R., (E) R. A. R. Tregilgas, R.N.V.R.



Officers of a Battalion of the Devonshire Regt.

Front row : Capts. J. D. Symes, M. Holdsworth, Majors F. G. Sadleir, M.B.E., J. R. H. Pariby, the Commanding Officer, Col. Earl Fortescue, O.B.E., M.C., Majors G. R. Young, M. W. Howard, M.C., H. V. Duke, M.C., Capt. T. A. Holdsworth. Middle row : Lts. R. W. Murphy, R. A. Pethick, R. C. Davey, Capts. A. D. Eteson, M.C., J. T. A. Lloyd, Lts. H. Heap, F. A. Pearson, W. Kemeys-Jenkin, D. F. Riordan, J. D. Campbell, M.C. Back row : Lts. H. R. Walley, D. Holdsworth, F. H. Pease, J. G. Morris, C. J. Candlin, J. C. Coles, E. Gamble, E. E. Mead, H. D. Shinn, K. J. Bull

Right : front row : Lt. J. Hamlyn, Capt. J. Glauert, Lt. J. E. Dawson, Majors C. E. Garratt, F. W. A. Butterworth, M.B.E. (Second-in-Command), the Commanding Officer, Capts. A. I. Macdonald (Adjutant), J. S. Jervis, Major R. G. Perks, Lts. M. H. Jennings, (Q.M.) C. T. Clark. Middle row : Lt. J. W. Mallion, Capt. J. F. C. Maddock, Lt. E. S. Layton, Capt. D. H. Binstead, Rev. A. D. Browne, Lts. A. H. Hollingsworth, J. D. Naylor, A. K. Macdonald, W. Rousell. Back row : Lts. K. S. Dimmer, J. J. Giles, Capt. K. C. Grace, Lt. D. A. Leader, Capt. G. Potter, Lt. W. A. Wire



Officers of a Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment

Lambert Weston

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Capital of the Free

IN *The Incredible City* (Dent; 12s. 6d.), Robert Henrey has captured the spirit of London at the crowded height of her war-time years—cosmopolitan as never before in history, at the same time sturdily English as ever before. You will remember *A Village in Piccadilly*—this new book of his covers wider ground with the same closeness (looking, as it were, through the present into the past), and will, I think, even more than its predecessor, stir the imagination and touch the heart. How many of us walk the London parks and streets these days, almost praying: "Let me forget none of this—this poignancy, poetry, touches of the fantastic and little flying feathers of comedy that now enrich London, for all the darkness of war!" When peace comes back, will the almost too kindly folds of the everyday muffle our memories, lull us into oblivion? I think one already feels grateful to Mr. Henrey for keeping a record, to last through our future years. The "incredible city" we know to-day will endure, for our grandchildren, in his pages.

Mr. Henrey watches Londoners, both permanent and temporary, much as a bird-watcher watches birds. He is himself a Londoner by birth and by temperament. To the story, the mystery behind each unknown face in the streets, even in peacetime, he can never have been indifferent. Also, travels and life abroad seem to have sharpened his sensitiveness to the atmosphere of his native city, of which he writes, when he chooses, with such freshness that he might be seeing everything for the first time. He is, therefore, doubly qualified to write of London as it is now—thronged with foreign faces, packed with foreign destinies, beheld by foreign eyes. The 1943 London, of which he writes, has a new, splendid status: till they can carry back victory to their own countries, free men of all nationalities have adopted her as their capital.

Fellow-Travellers

INDEED, *The Incredible City* opens with a perilous voyage from Gibraltar to England, in the autumn of 1942, made by Mr. Henrey in the company of an intrepid band—French, Polish, Belgian—who had all faced still graver perils before reaching the ship. All were London-bound. Mr. Henrey's home-coming was to be for his fellow-travellers a first arrival, made momentous by high hopes and selfless plans. Charles, the Belgian, of the bristling moustaches, "Anne of Brittany," "Mme. Lavoisier," the sorrowful, cryptic young "Millionaire," and the others, had left all they knew behind them and risked everything in order to devote themselves to the fight for freedom. London, still unknown, still ahead of them, stood for one thing only—a flying flag.

Every circumstance of the voyage, all that had gone before it, made for something deeper than ordinary shipboard

friendship. Mr. Henrey tells us how he felt identified with these people; how, on landing, he anticipated, on their behalf, possible bewilderment, anti-climax, even disillusionment; how much he hoped, as a Londoner, that London—so apparently easy-going, unruffled and wrapped up in herself—would not disappoint these vehement newcomers. During the winter that followed, he kept in touch with them, noted their first impressions, and was told stories that had been too recent, too near the bone, to be confided to him on board ship. He obviously, though he does not say so, must have provided an invaluable link between the London of perhaps too heroic dreams and the somewhat baffling London of actuality. At intervals throughout *The Incredible City*, Anne, Charles and Mme. Lavoisier reappear, and we watch them adjust, by degrees, to their life with us. I think this part of the book needs especial study—it may be a key, for many of us, to problems and conflicts faced by our ally-guests, by friends we should like to help without always knowing how.

London Pride

BUT this tracing of the Continental thread in the present-day London tapestry by no means occupies all Mr. Henrey's time. A very



John Vickers

Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick, Piano Duettists

Cyril Smith and his wife, Phyllis Sellick, are playing together at Sir Henry Wood's Jubilee Promenade Concerts. These pianists, who were well known as soloists before their marriage, were introduced to two-piano playing by Sir Henry himself

great part of *The Incredible City* is a study of what one might call London-ness, and its manifestations in characters and scenes. Meet, for instance, Mr. Hinton, the St. James's Park birdman, of Duck Island Cottage, S.W.1, who "was given an island in the heart of London. He has a rowboat in which he explores the coves and seeks adventure round the rocks where the pelicans stand and flap their wings. How many of us have so completely fulfilled the wishes we formulated in childhood?" Meet the habitués of "the Green Park Drawing-room," that L-shaped lawn overlooking Piccadilly, and the chairman, Mr. Dijon, formerly one of Europe's master pastry-cooks, who at the ladies' request gave outdoor lessons in his old art. Meet Mr. Campbell, "horticultural king of the central parks," and Sub-Divisional Inspector L. H. Cooper, of the Hyde Park police station, who said:

"The park is so quiet at night that one might be in the depth of the country. Sometimes I take a walk with my dog after midnight as far as the bridge across the Serpentine. If you go to the middle of this bridge and look westward, you might think yourself at Stratford-on-Avon. We become almost countrymen. Do you know where the ducks sleep at night? They sleep in the tops of the trees that skirt the Serpentine, and that is where they build their nests. I have seen the mother ducks in the morning flopping from the boughs with their little ones on their backs."

All through, this book is full of touches of London lore. From Kew to the City, from Coventry Street, "the most famous half-mile on the face of the globe," to the already moss-grown aisle of a ruined church, Mr. Henrey's affection and interest rove. *The Incredible City* at once satisfies and stimulates curiosity. Its author has, too, the gift of making his friends one's own.

No Beginning, No End

"**T**UCKER'S PEOPLE," by Ira Wolfert (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), looks like being one of the big novels of this year. To read it is

(Concluded on page 24)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I ALWAYS feel sorry for the man and woman who are not interested

By Richard King

in the work which earns for them their daily bread. I know few things more boring than labour which, from beginning to end, is a grind and a mental waste. And in this purely mechanical age what thousands and thousands of jobs there must be which demand no greater initiative than a mechanical Robot might not as well accomplish. To a mind, even moderately alive and fruitful, such work must be a perpetual torture. At least, in the beginning. Later on, perhaps, the dull repetition of it may find ease in a dulled mental reaction to its monotony.

No wonder, therefore, the spirit of undefined Unrest is the prevailing spirit of these times in which we live. And where self-fulfilment and initiative become atrophied there lies the happy hunting-ground for agitators, careerists, slave-drivers; the worn-out soil upon which dictators can best plant their ugly, gaudy standards.

Moreover, I can well imagine that a higher education all round can but add to this unquietude. So many jobs in this modern world of mass-production can only be endured by the mentally moribund. To regard the human faces of the multitude of workers as they issue from some huge factory after their day's work is done is to perceive such a picture of human weariness and boredom as to convince us that no amount of bodily easement, sponsored by the Government or others,

can ever compensate for the mental dreariness of labour which has made no demands on the individuality and initiative of the workers as separate entities.

Thus it seems to me that the halcyon days of human society existed when every town and village was full, not of factory workers, but of craftsmen and small traders. A craftsman is a happy man, with pride in his work and enjoying something of self-fulfilment in his labours.

In spite of his bucolic reputation, the average farm-labourer is usually a far more complete human being than his counterpart in a mass-producing factory. He is deeply wise in the world surrounding him and his work. Which is better, I am convinced, than a wide smattering of mostly superficial knowledge which is outside his province. Living close to Nature, he is part, so to speak, of life itself. Which is better than being merely part of a machine. But that, of course, applies to all those whose life is led in close proximity to the natural elements.

It may be, and is, a hard life, but no life is anything but interesting if it is the full expression of all that vital knowledge which a man has acquired through toil and observation.

No better wages are worth in the long run the absence of peace of mind; or, as I would prefer to put it, a mind which is always on the alert, since it must always be learning. Then a man is happy, because he is interested.

The Man Who Watches the Millions

Captain Tom Harrison, Director of "Mass Observation," at Home with His Wife and Family



A Family Group Taken at the Harrisons' London Home

● Captain Tom Harrison is the director of the social research organisation known as "Mass Observation." Starting as an explorer, biologist and anthropologist, Captain Harrison went on expeditions to the Arctic, St. Kilda, Malaya and the South-West Pacific Islands. He spent a year among the still cannibal peoples of Malakula Island, in the New Hebrides, and then decided that his most useful work would be amongst his own people. He joined the Army, and after a year in the ranks of the 60th, passed through Sandhurst and was commissioned into the Green Howards. In 1940 he married Mrs. Clayton, daughter of the late Mr. T. P. Pellett, the well-known playwright and member of the Garrick Club. John Clayton is Mrs. Harrison's son by her first marriage

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Captain Tom Harrison is a Collector



Mrs. Harrison with John Clayton and Max Harrison

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 10)

Mr. Hore-Belisha and his bride have two homes to choose from for their future married life, for, in addition to his charming little house in Westminster, the bridegroom has a farm near Wimbledon Common.

About Town

ONE little lunch-party at the May Fair Restaurant recently were celebrating new "contracts" which will bring Betty Fleetwood and Thorley Walters to the West End stage. They are to appear in Ian Hay's new play, *We Are Seven*, which is due to open at the St. Martin's Theatre to-morrow, July 6th. Major-Gen. Ian Hay Beith and Mr. Lee Ephraim, the producer, were in the party.

Others lunching in the restaurant included Miss Jane Carr with her husband, Mr. Donaldson Hudson, an Old Etonian, who is in charge of one of the largest transport organisations connected with the war effort; Lord Leathers, who was deep in conversation with various friends; and, at another table, Mr. Ernest Brown, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. A rare visitor whom one seldom sees was Mr. Ernest Hemingway, dark and bearded, author of the record-breaking best-seller and film, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.



The Duchess of Kent at Bedford

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent was received by the Lord Lieutenant, Colonel A. Dealtry Part, O.B.E., when she arrived to open the Exhibition of Handicrafts by members of H.M. forces at Bedford. More of the royal visit will be found on pp. 8 and 10



£1000 Cheque Presented to Sir Henry Wood

Sir Henry Wood was entertained to lunch by the Directors of H.M.V. and Columbia recently and presented with a cheque for £1000 as a contribution from the two companies to the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts Jubilee Fund. Sir Henry is seen above with Sir Alexander Aikman (left) and Mr. Alfred Clark

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

an experience—not, I must say, a wholly agreeable one. It is about a New York racketeer and his racket; but is far from being just one more rattling good gangster story. It is, rather, a forceful indictment of the social order that makes men into crooks; and it embraces, or attempts to embrace, more or less the whole panorama of human misery. Each man in it, from Tucker himself down, is a victim, and each man victimises the man below him. Mr. Wolfert's object has, clearly, been not to excuse Tucker's people, but to explain them. ("People" in this context means bought men, gang, creatures—once committed to Tucker, none of these can escape.)

This story [the author opens by saying] has no beginning and, as you will discover if you read to the last page, no real ending either.

It is a story of our own modern world, and of what the world does to its people, and of how a question has been laid upon both the world and its people, for each to answer as it can:

Which shall be the user and which shall be used? Is the world a cloth that may be cut to fit its people? Or, are people cloth that must be cut to fit the world?

So this story is of people cutting the world to measure where they can and cutting themselves to measure where they have to, and of the two, world and people, rolling through the universe embraced in battle and altered by battle.

What was the beginning of this? Where is the end, since altered people alter their children, and altered children must also subdue themselves to this way of life? They must join the battle and cut the world and be cut by it.

This idea of alteration—or, I should say, of deformity—runs through Mr. Wolfert's interpretation of all his characters. They "are betrayed by what is false within." But what is false within is not their fault, it is the world's. But the world, in its turn, is the fault of the people in it. Which, in fact, came first, the chicken or the egg? As Mr. Wolfert suggests no answer to this, or, still less, as to how to break the circle of evil, his philosophy can but be a gloomy one. You might wonder how, in these days, *Tucker's People* comes to be readable at all. The opening passage I have quote about has, you may note, a cosmic, generalised, almost Biblical style; and passages much in the same pitch crop up at intervals through the novel. I attach importance, as a key, to pages 282 and 283, which knit up the time of the action (1934) with 1939 and the conflict following that. Mr. Wolfert speaks of his characters as "climax men," of which Hitler, by his showing, is just one more.

Technique

BUT these cosmic explanatory passages occupy little space compared to the pages of quick-fire dialogue. This talk, with its curt, flat remoteness, has a fascination, though its repetitions are maddening, they rub the nerves raw. In this, in the non-stop action and in the characterisation resides, to my mind, the attraction of *Tucker's People*.

The characters one cannot question. Dislikeable (with the exceptions of Leo Minch and Edna Tucker), and many of them abject, they become more real to one than oneself. We start with the Minch brothers, self-raised from extreme poverty: kindly Leo, always trying to run straight, but whose succession of businesses have failed, and Joe, the successful, unblushing crook, high up in the ranks of Tucker's people, already known to the crime world as "Guinea Joe." There is Wheelock, Tucker's young lawyer, disillusioned by the sight of his honest father's failure and misery; there is Bunte, the corrupted police official; there is Tucker himself, with his past; there is Tucker's jolly wife, Edna, in correct green-and-white sports clothes; there is the neurotic Bauer, wrecked by Leo Minch's effort to do him a good turn. With all these one becomes involved deeply, like it or not.

Flower of the Dust

AUTUMNAL beauty, and a feeling for what virtue really is, distinguish Helen Douglas Irvine's novel, *Sweet is the Rose* (Longmans; 8s. 6d.). The heroine, Rose, is never seen directly, except in an unrecognisable form: we draw her lovely, unhappy and apparently disreputable image from letters and diaries found in the panelling of a Cambridge house that had been her girlhood's home, and from the memoir of one of the many men who had loved her. This Rose bloomed from a dustheap: she was one of the daughters of an Army family going down in the world. Driven to indiscretion, she grasped at what life she could, and was consequently shunned by Cambridge society. Repudiated by the one man she loved, a prig, she devoted herself to another, a worthless one. One might say the Rose Carey who became Gabriel Vere's wife saved souls, at the cost of her own.

Rose is brought to light through the curiosity, growing into obsession, of a young student, Evelyn Light, who lodges in what had been the Careys' home, and who had got its address, in the first place, from a drink-sodden old woman met in a London square. . . . I admired this strange, original novel; though I found myself asking, towards the end, whether Miss Irvine had not over-blackened her villains and piled on the disasters just too thickly. The atmosphere of the Victorian Cambridge villa, with its river and willow outlook, is strong and haunting.

Different Angle

PETER CHEYNEY'S *Making Crime Pay* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.) provides a glittering and fantastic pendant to *Tucker's People*. We are introduced to the luminaries of the Mayfair underworld. Here, social criticism occupies little space, though notes on human fatuity are many. Mr. Cheyney tells the intriguing story of his investigations in the pursuit of realism. Many of his crime stories, articles and radio plays are for the first time assembled here.

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A STRANGER was having a drink in a public-house, when one of the "regulars" suggested a game of darts. When the stranger protested that he wasn't much of a hand at it, the other proposed playing for drinks, thinking he was on a good thing.

The game began—and soon ended. The stranger seemed to be able to get "doubles" and "trebles" just as he liked.

"Thought you didn't play much?" said the loser as he ordered the drinks.

"I don't; all I do at home is to throw an occasional dart at a fly on the wall."

"But doesn't that make a mess of the wallpaper?"

"Oh, no; I only aim at their wings!"

THE recruits, firing on the rifle range, had registered nothing but misses all the morning. At last the enraged sergeant said: "Here, Jones; here's another round. Go behind that hut and see if you can shoot yourself."

Away went Jones. All of a sudden . . . Bang!

"Heavens!" cried the sergeant. "The fool's really been and done it!"

Rushing round the hut he came upon Jones, very much alive and smiling broadly.

"It's all right, sergeant," he said. "Only another miss."



Memories of the Old Days and holidays and sunshine are revived by this picture taken at Positano, near Naples, of Lieut.-Colonel Marcus Sieff, Miss P. Rasmussen, Miss Peggy Wright, Major David Curtis, Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott and Diana Gould. Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott and Diana Gould were appearing at the Bellini Theatre, Naples, at the time in the Overseas ENSA tour of "The Merry Widow"

A GANG of navvies in Ireland were doing some excavating in a hole. The picks and shovels were not working at the speed desired by the foreman. Putting his hands to his mouth he yelled: "All of yez out!"

The navvies dropped their implements of toil and scrambled out of the hole. "All of yez in!" yelled the foreman. The navvies all jumped back into the hole. As soon as they were in, the foreman again cried: "All of yez out!"

Out they scrambled. This performance was repeated several times until the navvies asked the foreman what the idea was.

"Well," replied the foreman. "Ye take more dirt out on yer boots than do on yer shovels. All of yez in!"

A YOUNG woman whose beauty was equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the son of a wealthy manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the young man:—

"I hold that the thing for the husband to do is to begin as he intends to end. Suppose the question was one of smoking. I would at once show my intentions by lighting a cigar, thus settling the question for ever."

"And I," said the young woman, "would at once knock it out of your mouth." "Do you know," rejoined the young man, thoughtfully, "I somehow don't think you would be there."

DURING a discussion on girls, one soldier remarked: "I like the shy, demure type myself. You know, the kind you have to whistle at twice."

THE regimental mascot, a chimpanzee, had died suddenly. It is considered unlucky to be without a mascot—once you have had one. So the colonel telegraphed the C.O., who was on leave:—

"Monkey dead. Shall we buy another or wait until you come back?"

A COLOURED private became very seasick on a troop transport and was kidded by one of his buddies. "You is jest a landlubber."

"Dey ain't no argument dere," replied the private between spasms. "I am a landlubber, and ah's jest findin' out how much ah lub's it."

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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Ovaltine MIXED Cold

P.626A



PAULETTE GODDARD IN PARAMOUNT PICTURES

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Guns and Gunnery

EVERY night, just lately, as the German power bombs have been flying overhead, I have had cause to wonder at the ways of anti-aircraft gunners. They will, I know, forgive me if I do them an injustice in any of my inferences and, I hope, will let me know where I am wrong.

There are two things that puzzle me. The first is the exact purpose of the machine gunner who, at one site, opens up at these power bombs as they go over. Royal Air Force pilots report them flying at 3,000 ft. and it is said that they move at about 350 miles an hour. What then is the purpose of a machine gun except to add to the already considerable din? By the time these notes appear some explanation may have been given. But I find it hard to see as I write what possible valid explanation could be offered.

The other thing is concerned with the old complaint that anti-aircraft fire is always behind the target. Many men who are capable wielders of a shot-gun tell me that insufficient carry forward is given by the anti-aircraft gunners. And I am bound to say that my impression, as a result of direct observation, is the same. I do not recollect ever having seen the burst of an anti-aircraft shell in front of the target. Now this may be the result of visual impressions which do not record the real facts. But if so, it is about time the anti-aircraft people made the point plain to the public. The public has been watching the attempt of the anti-aircraft gunners to shoot down the power bombs and, as a result, the public has become more critical of the shooting. It is told in the papers what a large percentage of these bombs is shot down; but the public mainly spends its time watching the misses.

I repeat that I shall be delighted to receive any technical explanation of these things and if public impressions are wrong I shall certainly do what I can to put them right.

Defence

NOW as to the battle of wits that goes on when a new weapon like the power bomb is brought into use. It is always said, officially, that we have known

all about any new weapon for a long time and have taken the proper steps to provide a counter to it. But the fact is that the circumstances of use can never be accurately foreseen—or at any rate they never are accurately foreseen. And therefore feverish activity in the brains departments is the first sequel to the start of a new form of attack. The reaction to the power bomb ran true to form.

One cannot discuss freely as yet the methods that were early introduced to deal with it. But one can point to certain central facts. First of all the power bomb was formidable largely on account of its high speed. It not only flies fast; but it flies directly, never wasting time in weaving as must the human pilot. Now there is only one answer to speed and that is more speed. When it was given out that the Hawker Tempest was in action against these bombs this point was made. The Tempest must be one of the fastest fighters of the day. Whether it is fast enough to deal with the flying bomb effectively will probably have been determined by the time these words appear in print. The other thing is that there is some ground for supposing that the best answer to a robot is another robot. Set a thief to catch a thief, and set a robot to catch a robot. I will not go further than to say that it is possible to visualize a pilotless aircraft chasing a pilotless aircraft and that the idea is not only funny, but also logically sound.

Giant Air Liner

NEWSPAPER sub-editors ought to be grateful to the Douglas Company for it has enabled them to dig out again one of the headlines which they used to like particularly before the war, "giant air liner." The D.C. 7 does appear to be a real giant, for its take-off weight is to be 145,000 lb. and it is to provide



D. R. Stuart

Men and Their Mascots

Lieut.-Cdr. R. N. Everett, R.N., and Cdr. T. S. Jackson, R.N., are the Chief Flying Instructor and Captain at a R.N. air station. The two mascots are Banger and Fritz

accommodation for up to eighty-six passengers. It is noteworthy that while such authorities as Dr. Edward Warner and Sir Frederick Handley Page are reminding us that size in air liners is not everything, and that the medium size machine should not be neglected, the United States manufacturers are casting about with designs for real giants.

Eventually we shall find a sort of practical limit to size as we had begun to find in the Atlantic liners; but where that limit will be it is hard to say just yet. Meanwhile there will always be room for the "largest aeroplane in the world" as there was always room for the "largest ship in the world." There are

always passengers who want to go by a very big vehicle, as there are always passengers who want to go by a very fast vehicle. It would not be a bad thing if one of our manufacturers were to turn to a really immense machine and begin work on it. But I hope that most of them will look to the medium sizes.

Hark Back

I MUST hark back to the power bomb because I hear that a full report of the sites captured by the Americans in their advance upon Cherbourg has been completed and studied. These were launching sites and are said to be very elaborate in construction. So the idea of one humorous R.A.F. friend is proved wrong. He painted a marvellous picture of the power bomb being lifted on to a carriage with a huge rocket on it and of a fat German then putting a match to the rocket and running like a blazer. Seriously, however, it will be most interesting to see how the launching is really done. This must be one of the most tricky problems in the whole outfit.



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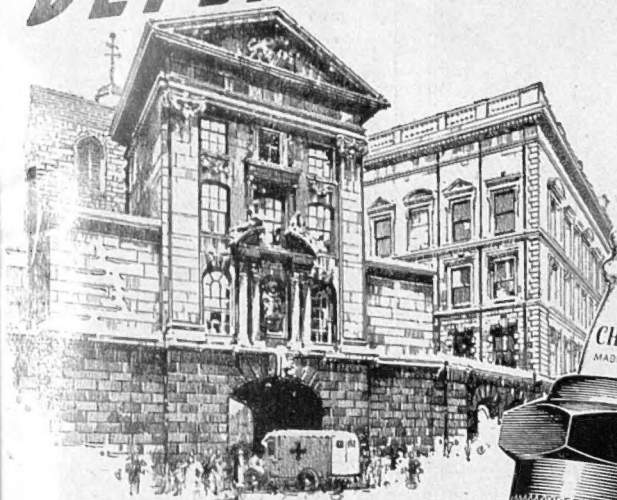
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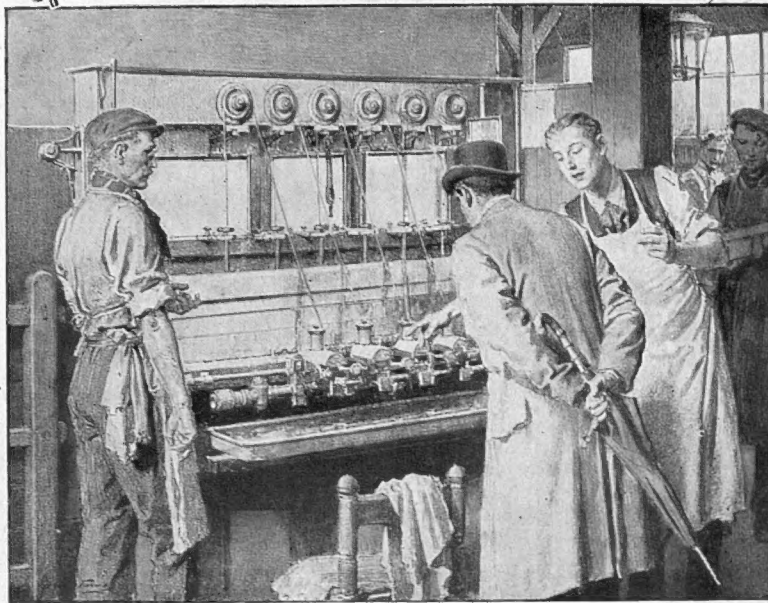
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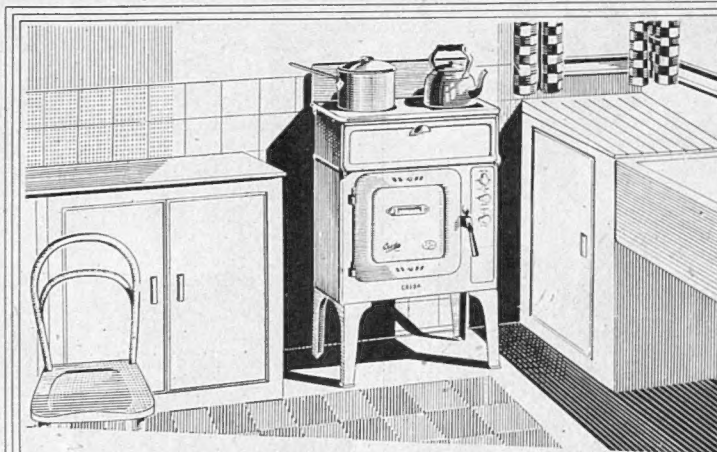
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